

"In twenty-three years of constant walking about the streets on my rounds of duty," remarked an observant policeman to a Star reporter, "I think I have picked up a few ideas about people and things generally, and I have come to the conclusion that the character of a person can be read pretty well by his manner of walking; that their habits and disposition are marked very clearly by the way they appear on the streets. A careless person, man or woman; a slouch or a sloven, walks that way, while those who have aspirations or energy will indicate in the way they get about. A firm, determined person is likely to be firm and determined in his or her walk. Likewise the fop, the flirt and the person whose greatest stock is show gives evidence of it in many of their street movements. In the case of the determined, energetic, the people who get there, as it were, their walk is marked by rapid, long steps, which are the same under all cir-cumstances, while the fops and flirts change the style of their walk to suit the prevailing weather. One hour they will walk one way and the next hour their manner of walking will be entirely different, and at all times uncertain and unreliable. On the other hand, those who walk easily and gracefully are very liable to be easy and graceful in everything else they do. I don't think I could even put any trust or confidence in those who have a shuffling, secretive manner of walking or those whose every step looks as if they were laboring to get along at all. This kind of persons cannot be depended upon, as workers or anything else. They are naturally sneaks and deficient in character generally. If they are dishonest they com-mit their wrongdoing in a sneaking sort of way, and are never bold and open about it. A heel walker is generally a solid kind of a character, while those who do the most of their walking on the forward part of their feet are fond of sport and inclined strongly toward the sentimental things in life. The springy walkers are the happy people, but are not strong mentally. The proud men of women walk in a way that bears out their dispositions. I don't think I ever knew of a thief or habitual wrongdoer of any kind that stood straight up on his feet. The best time to study the character of people by the way they walk is at night. You can then get your impressions from what you hear instead of from what you see.

"The responsibility of a parent during the school-going term of the child is a great one," explained a gentleman whose sen has recently obtained some prominence in a leading university in New England, "though many parents do not realize it until it is too late. While I do not want to encourage any child to relax any proper effort toward advancement or any parents to besitate to assist their child in that direction, I would also like to have them understand that there is such a thing as crowding them. Crowding is detrimental to education and injurious to the child in many ways. It is well enough for children to take the various grades in the public schools as they come along from year to year, but if it happens that a child for natural reasons gets a little behind the procession it is better to remain in that position rather than that the child is to keep up. In the ordinary course of things, a child that may be a few marks behind in one month or term often more than makes it up the following month or term. I think, also, that a per-fect child is a misfortune. There are chil-dren who are 'perfect' in attendance, in studies and in deportment as far as the school record goes, who are by no means perfect in anything else. Let me illustrate by a real case that came under my per-sonal observation. The victim was a finelooking young girl, an only child. child was not as strong as the average physically, though specially bright intel-lectually. She had no difficulty in keeping up with her class, and the greater part of the eight or nine years she attended school actually led it. There were times, however, when she should not have attended school, not being well enough physically to do so, but her parents had become so crazed over her record that she was crowded to school well or not. An absence of a ed to school well or not. An absence of a day or so in a month would have interfered with her record of attendance, and the parents would not listen to it, though it would have benefited the girl. She therefore, forced, though she never needed forcing, for she was as enthusiastic in the matter as her parents to attend school whether sick or well. What was the re-sult? Just about the time she was to enter the highest grade her health broke down Her record was perfect, though, at the expense of everything else. This is no imaginary case, but a real instance. I could give others if necessary. Better miss a few lessons or a few days. It will pay in the leng run to avoid crowd-

"Herring Hill, Georgetown, is as old as Georgetown itself, and as famous," explained an old resident of West Washington to a Star reporter, "and though herrings are not to be picked up there nowadays, there was a time when nearly all the herrings caught in the Potomac were sent there for sale. Georgetown, as many know, was a full-fledged city a half century or more be fore Washington was ever thought of. When Davy Burns and others were farming the land on which the Executive Mansien, Treasury, Post Office and Interior Departments now stand, Georgetown was already in its glory and had a mercantile position known to the world of 'those who go down to the sea in big ships.' An estuary of the Potomac, a good-sized bay, ran up as far as where the M street bridge now stands, and many is the thousands of ships that have unloaded there. In the spring-time, it was the fish market of the entire time it was the fish market of the strictunding country. Not only were the strictunding and shad sold there, but all the herring and shad sold there, all of this was done on the high land on the hill, and Herring Hill came honestly by its proud name, though it is now nearly a half mile from the Potomac proper.

"The outcome in the Klondike regions next year will be of great direct interest to more persons in this city than many may suppose," said a rather heavy investor in claims and mining properties to a Star reperter, "as it will doubtless be to many others in other cities. It is difficult to make any calculation as to the amount of money that has been subscribed to the stock of the very numerous corporations and syndicates that propose to make the venture of their lives next spring. The fact is there is always a great amount of mor ready to engage in out-of-the-way enter-prises, and the Klondike has captured much of this. The great majority of the Klondike investors in this city have, it is true, only put small amounts in their risks, but the combined sums make a very large amount. In a quiet kind of a way the clerks in the departments have been industriously solicited and they indulged as freely as they could stand financially. The only thing they can do now is to walt until their companies can get to their claims and begin work. In less than a year they will have learned that they are 'in it,' or are 'in

"Two of the state statues to be unveiled soon in the national statuary hall, at the Capitol, Benton of Missouri and Kenna of West Virginia," said an old employe of the Senate to a Star reporter, "will have more local interest than ordinarily, for the reason that those whose memory is to be hon-

ored lived so long in this city. Benton was a senator for five terms, and wrote his book, 'Thirty Years in the Senate,' in this city, in his rooms on C street between 3d and 41/2 streets northwest, in the row of houses which is so famous as the Washington homes of so many distinguished men in former times. It was Benton's strong liking for Washington as a home which brought about his defeat for re-election. He believed that the schools of Washington were better for the education of his children than those of any other city in the country, and they were all educated here. It was from here that Jessie Benton ran away and married Lieut. Fremont, then an officer of the Topographical Corps of the army, who afterward became so distinguished as 'The Pathfinder,' making the earliest explorations of the Pacific coast, and afterward being rewarded by a nomination for the presidency of the United States. Benion was the leader of Gen. Jackson's adherents, and was one of the first 'gold bugs' of American politics, though the political nickname given him was that of 'Old Bullion.' He was one of the party on the ill-fated war steamer Princeton, when the explosion occurred on her in the Potomac, which resulted in the death of two of Jackson's cabinet officers, Secretary Upshur of the State Department and Secretary Gilmer of the Navy Department and six others.

"Kenna came later on, and as a represen-Renna came later on, and as a represen-tative and senator had nearly as lengthy a career. Two incidents happened in this city that had an important bearing on Mr. Kenna's life, and I don't think there is any impropriety in speaking of them now though I have not done so before. When he first came to Congress a young man, Mrs. Kearon, who always took an active part in church fairs, church raffles and the ike, sold him a ticket in a raffle for a cook ing stove and complete outfit, which had been donated to a church fair, in which she was interested. Later on she had the pleasure of handing him a notification that his ticket was the lucky one, and that the stove and outfit had been packed up and were subject to his order. He told her that he would go up to his home in West Virginia in a few days, Congress was just about ad-journey at that time, and would gladly take the stove with him. He did so, and on arriving there he was met at the depot by a young lady, who accidentally happened to be there, as he was busying himself having his stove unloaded from the express car. She made some pleasant remark that though he had accessed. though he had a stove he had no one to use it, and it is said he actually popped the question to her right there by asking if she would use the stove for him. Whether the young lady made any reply there or not I never heard, but it was not a year before she became his wife. On his return to Washington he met Mrs. Kearon, who was again at the Capitol, this time selling tick-ets in a raffle for a handsome piece of jewelry, for the benefit of some other church. Mr. Kenna told her the sequel of his winning the stove, and that his marriage would soon occur. Of course he took a ticket in the raffle for the jewelry, and, would you believe it, won it. Mrs. Kearon, herself, told me that the jewelry was worn by the bride at her wedding, and that the first meal the newly married couple ate was cooked on the stoye that he had won." cooked on the stove that he had won.

A TIE THAT BOUND.

The Sad Experience Which Befell

Two Georgia Brothers. "But the funniest thing that I have heard of lately," remarked the drummer as he flitted from flower to flower of his experiences on the road, "was the sad and sorrewful bereavement which befell two brothers of my acquaintance down in Georgia. They are customers of mine, twins about fifty years of age and bachelors with a sufficiency of gallantry to be great ladies' men. They are both good looking, and for the past twenty-five or thirty years their chief personal pet and pride was a pair was either going to do his duty or lose his of matched whiskers reaching down below position, so he said nothing more about the belt of each brother. They were really the matter, but waited for a United States fine whiskers, and were so exactly alike in every particular as to be the subject of ccurse, only made them more dear to their

"The brothers were excellent men in every way, but they had one weakness, to wit, a fondness to excess for the flowing bowl about once in six months. A indulged themselves in this only they went to Atlanta to buy goods, their falling from grace was not of general note and knowledge. But the pitcher that goes often to the well is liable to be broken, and the brothers indulged themselves once too many. It happened about September ard it seems that they started home befor they were entirely sober, and meeting a crowd on the train, which aggravated it they were in bad condition when reached the station, where they own team for a dozen mile drive home. So bad, indeed, was that condition that as they drove along through the soft Septem-ber twilight, they went to sleep and their herses stopped to eat the grass of the way

"What happened next nobody knows, or at least nobody is telling, and when the brothers awoke they found their team hitched to a tree a quarfer of a mile from the road in the woods, and they were apparently tied to each other by a rope around their necks. They were dazed at first, but their very peculiar situation sob-ered them suddenly, and they proceeded to disentangle themselves as fast as pos-sible. But no rope could be found around their necks, and as the pull seemed to be on their beautiful whiskers, they reached for them simultaneously, when to their utter dismay they discovered that some miscreant had soaked them with mucilage and they were now an inextricable and intermingled mass as dry and hard as a stone. Nothing was to be done, of course, except to cut away the debris, which they did with their knives as best they could, and after a half hour of torture worse than tooth pulling, the two men fell apart and looked at each other. One look was enough. Their beautiful whiskers lav a wad at their feet and their chins were like stubble fields harrowed the wrong Then they went clear back to At later they appeared at home, with smootl faces and a hard look out of their ever which forbade anybody even so much as asking what had happened."

THE KNIGHT AND THE GAS METER

An Interesting Discussion on the Subject of the Hours of Labor.

They were very animated. The discus sion was evidently a warm one and the parties to it had attracted a number of isteners who, though strangers to the participants, were evidently deeply interested in the colloquy.

"So you are a Knight of Labor and be lieve in working only eight hours a day?" said one. "That's what I am," returned the other

with emphasis.

From Puck.

"Eight hours a day!" repeated the first with fine scorn. "Why, there's no dignity in that amount of work. It's mere child's play. Look at me. I'm hardy and strong, am I not? I don't look like I'm over-worked, do I? Well, what do I do? I work twenty-four hours every day, and every householder in this city knows it. Yes, sir. When the sun is shining overhead I am diligently laboring; when evening comes l grow more active, and when night falls then I get in my best licks and keep 'em up till the sun comes up again. Eight hours! Why, it's a mere bagatelle." The other party looked dubious and crest-

fallen. At last he said. "Would you mind telling me who you

are?"
"Me? Why, everybody ought to know me.
I'm a Washington Gas Company meter."
The Knight of Labor bowed low.
"Pardon me," he said, "for not recognizing you, but the modesty of your claim deluded me into thinking you were some one else. I always believed that you put in

Unchanged.

"Weyler seems to retain his military tastes." "What do you mean?"
"This paper says that he desires nothing more than a quiet retreat."

There are architectural peculiarities about the Capitol, especially on the House side, which are unknown to the casual visitor. There is that about some of the committee room doors which is entirely uncommon to doors in general. In appearance they are not different from the idea of doors that would be expected in a building of the sort. They are massive double doors that swing inward easily and close with the rattle of latch and bang common to heavy doors. They open up a space almost large enough for a horse and cart to be driven through.

The peculiarity about them is the great difficulty with which a bill or resolution, joint or simple, gets out through them. Bills and resolutions by the thousand of all sorts pass into the committee rooms with the greatest ease, but very few of them can ever get out again. The only thing in con struction at all suggestive of this phenome een is one of those patent rat traps with funnel-shaped opening, which gives the animal free entrance, but offers too small an aperture for his exit. Over two hun-dred bills got caught this way in the public buildings and grounds committee room during the special session, and their friends are apprehensive that they may never get out. The appropriation bills have frequently escaped similar imprisonment only by shrinking greatly in their size. Battle ships without number have scraped off the naval appropriation bill in trying to get out the committee door. It is only by the combined efforts of nearly every member of the House and the use of liberal lubrication that a river and harbor bill is got out in two years, one during each Congress. In the banking and cur-rency committee, where bills of a peculiarly aggressive character go, haif a dozen or more bills usually try to escape by making a rush at the door all at one time, and invariably get blocked in the passage, not one getting through. Claims of vari-ous sorts, involving an expenditure of public money, find it peculiarly difficult to get out when once they enter a committee rcom. Private pension bills are about the only sort that are at all successful in making their escape. Bills for national defense and fortification bills invariably have such difficulty that they cannot get out of the room until they have shrunk to about a tenth of their original size, and then they are usually so discussed as not then they are usually so disguised as not to be recognizable.

The most difficult of all these marvelous doors is that to the room of the committee on foreign affairs of the House. It is excessively easy of entrance, The door swings open invitingly to every bill or resolution. lution that relates in any way to foreign affairs-belligerency resolutions, annexa-tion bills, resolutions calling for diplomatic correspondence, and the like. Once within the room they become incommunicado and are as hopelessly imprisoned as innocent suspects in Morro castle. A large number of resolutions recognizing the belligerency or the independence of Cuba, and of like import were confined there during the tire Fifty-fourth Congress, and another lot that entered at the opening of the special session of this Congress are still imprisoned incommunicado. It is recognized as almost a certainty that one of them will escape from this extraordinary rat trap at any time during the entire Congress. To all appearances the door opens as wide from the inside as from the out, but as scon as it is attempted to get a resolution out it is found to be impossible.

THE INDEMNITY WAS PAID.

Brought About by Moving the Legation to a Warship.

"This controversy between Haiti and Germany over the Lueders case," said an old resident to a Star reporter recently, "brings to my mind the fact that the United States at one time at least during my life showed the same spirit that Germany did in demanding an indemnity at the point of a gun. The incident happened just after the close of the war and was about the same kind of affair. The Brazilian government had imprisoned or treated an Américan citizen in some outrageous way, and the American minister at Rio Janeiro, acting on his instructions, de-manded an indemnity. He was put off from day to day, and finally from week to warship to anchor in the harbor. When the vessel arrived he quietly moved his effects from the legation to the boat and then announced to the powers in Brazil that he had located the United States legation on the deck of a United States warship, and that unless that indemnity was forthcoming in three hours he would sheil the town. The indemnity was paid."

AN INQUIRING LAD.

Personal Adornment Which Appeared to Be Unnecessary.

"When I was down in the Tennessee mountains doing my turn in that peculiar and primitive section," observed the special pension agent, "I had at various times such glimpses of life as you pampered children of the luxurious capital never get. I remember one June morning I arose from my simple bed of clapboards on the loft floor of a log cabin and proceeded down a ladder to the earth, thence a hundred yards down to the creek, where I was afforded ample opportunity for my matutinal ablutions, as ne stream was big enough to run a saw mill with.

"As I splashed my face in the clear water and spluttered over it after the usual fashion of a man who likes to wash his face, I was joined by the ten-year-old son of the family with which I was stopping. He stood on the shore watching me with much interest, which I am glad to say I returned with zest, for he was a picture boy. He was sandy and freckled and didn't look as if he had had a bath in the memory of man. His clothes were simple enough. sisting of a cotton shirt and a made-over pair of papa's pantaloons, and there was no hat to hide a head of hair which I am positive never felt the penetrating and per-suading influence of a comb. He was too much interested in the mysteries of my toilet to say anything until I took out a pocket comb and began to use it on my tangled locks. After a tug or two at it, looking at him meanwhile, he spoke. "'Say, mister,' he said, curiously, 'have yer got to do that there?'

Do what there?' I smiled in reply.

"'You mean combing my hair?"

" 'Of course, it has to be done.

"'Every mornin' this erway?"

"'Certainly'
"'Well, geewhillerkins, mister,' he said
with much feeling, 'you must be a heap o'
trouble to yerself.'"

A Pleasant Task.

Insurance Agent-"Before filing the claim vill you be kind enough to give me a certificate of your husband's death, madame?"
The New Widow—"With pleasure."

Civilization the Leveler.





DOORS THAT ARE PECULIAR GOLF AT CHEVY CHASE COXEY WAS NOT WANTED

The ex-Polo Pony was standing with his head over the lower half of the stable door out at the Chevy Chase Club the other afternoon refl tives contemplating a very fine article of pintersunset that was show-ing in opal strata through the black tracery fine article of of bare trees to the west. The crows were flapping in black clouds overhead to their nightly roost on Anglostan Island, and up toward the club house the lighted windows were beginning to frow cheerily through the dusk. Just then the Pony's reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a very thin and dejected-looking foxhound who turned in to the club grounds from the road and wangered up to the stable door,

wearily, it might be, but with the air of one who knew where he was coming and had a right to be there.

"What's happened to all you people around here, anyhow?" he asked of the Pony in an injured tone of voice, leaning up against the stable door to rest. "I thought this was in a fair way of being a snorting club the last time I left here but sporting club the last time I left here, but muzzle me if it don't look like a 5 o'clock tea with the blinds down now.

"Oh, go chain yourself up," said the Pony, with a tinge of hopeless cynicism in his voice. "We've reformed, that's all that's the matter with us. This ain't a hunt club any more, and it ain't a sporting club of any sort. If you don't know how golf bals or drag a bundle of crocked sticks around by a strap, you might as well stake yourself to a drink of water and move up the road. That's all you'll get here.'

"What's the trouble?" insisted the Lean "Golf," said the Pony bitterly, "though believe they call it 'goff' up at the house. We've all got it now, stable boys wearing little dinky caps and stockings that look like bed quilts, and I understand up at the house they don't drink anything any more but hot Scotch and high balls, and they're going to make the waiters wear kilts and "Pshaw, you don't say so," returned the Hound. "What started it?"

"You can search me," said the Pony
"They say it was some of these Scotch le gation people brought it around, and it's worse'n microbes. After you've once got it you can't take anything for it."

"That the reason the kennels are all emp-ty and they haven't got any horses around now?" inquired the Hound. it, and one of 'em that talked the best Scotch and dropped the most h's said it was because when people who would play

golf at all once got it on the brain there wasn't room for anything else. But the stable boss said it was because they lost so many balls and broke so many sticks learning to play that they had to sell off the dogs and horses to even up."
"Then it looks like I didn't get any run

believe you're a Scotch terrier. The last sign of how things were going that I no-ticed was one of the boys coming in here with a paper-backed book in his hand, looking worried as though he had foun-dered a hunter. Semebody asks him what was eating him, and he said they had given up having a hunt club ball this month and were going to have a 'goff ball,' and he was studying up an Ian Maclaren novel so he'd he able to talk enough Scotch to hold his job waiting on the table

"Talk Scotch?" said the Hound.
"Sure, don't talk anything else. scandalous to hear tem. Why, the other day I heard one of the board of governors say to one of those British legation chaps, 'Weel, weel, auld chappie, when the hazard is too high for d'lift, would you advise one to foozle his put?' And the other fellow, henry I judge more than or soll says these. being. I judge, more to on golf, says, 'Hoot mon, dinna ye try thicey; joost take your cissy loftus and google your ocular over the coal scuttle. Indaughed till I nearly shook the harness off, and one of those Willie boy members that does all his riding in front of the fireplace and couldn't take an airship over a three-rail jump looked wise as a veterinary college and said he thought I ought to be treated for blind

But, say, what were you doing with "But, say, what were you doing with harness on?" In triquired the Hound. "Thought you were something of a polo pony when I left."

"Had to come to to to hold my job," said turning to eve the rem. nants of a saddle patch that his new coat was slowly growing up to. "They only was slowly growing up to. "They only keep one or two of us in the stable now to drag traps around the links. Have to have us, because there are a lot of the members that have a fit every time they do the eighteen holes in less than 647, and then I have to haul them home."
"Well, if that's the way things stand, I

"Well, if that's the way things stand, I guess I'd as well be pointing back toward Fairfax," said the old Hound.
"Guess that's right," said the Pony. "But where have you been since the last hunt? Everybody thought you had run off."
"All comes of having some sporting blood in me," said the Hound disgustedly. "You All comes of naving some sporting blood in me," said the Hound disgustedly. "You see the last time they had those anise seed English hounds out chasing the bag across country and having fun with themselves we did start a sure-enough fox by accident.

I come from up in Fairfax. I do, and points off after Mr. Brushtail and hollered for these contract labor pups to come on. But they wouldn't stand for it, said a pedigreed hound never physical stands. pedigreed hound never chased anything but anise seed and that they knew their busi-Well, I got that fox, but I had to run him clear up into Pennsylvania to do it, and I've just been working my way back by easy stages. That's what comes of devotion to duty. The club's gone to pieces my absence, and I'm going back to Vir-

JOKES BY THE YARD.

A Professional Jest Maker Discusses Humor as a Business,

The common or garden joke in the comic papers of America and England has come to be as much of a mechanical product as any other of the minor articles of commerce. Indeed, a well-known professional 'jest manufacturer" (the designation is his own) has reduced his daily labor to the perfect system of the factory. In a brief talk with this business humor

ist he outlined his scheme of work as fol-

"My notebook is the storehouse for raw material. Therein are jotted down all suggestions, ideas and events which may be elaborated into jokes. I rarely have an inspiration, pure and simple. My family and friends, my chance acquaintances, and the people and sights I encounter supply the unrefined joke. Right here I want to acknowledge the debt.that I owe to my hardworking ond conscientious baby, aetat one year. This admirable child is one of the largest daily contributors of raw material for my joke factory. Before his arrival I had to get my infant humor at second hand from other people's nurseries. It really pays a manufacturer to be his own

"My jokes, roughly, jotted down, are on each Monday morning carefully sorted. The Thanksgiving output is thus ready by July 4, and the Christmas supplies can be placed on the market by Michaelmas. placed on the market by Michaelmas.

"With regard to the new perforated joke broadsheet—my own invention—I should like to say a word. I have had made to order a huge sheet of writing paper, perforated after the manner of postage stamps into rectangular subdivisions of equal size. Each subdivision is just large enough for a joke, and has my name and address printed for editorial use in the corner. I write in my jokes, one joke to a rectangular slip; and then, folding up the entire broadsheet, malf, it of the best-paying and most desirable comic paper on my list.

"The editor looks over the jokes and picks out the ones he wants. These he detaches by tearing along the perforated lines, and sends back the remainder. Again I mall the broadsheet to comic paper No. 2, and the same process of selection is gone I mail the broadsheet to comic paper No. 2, and the same process of selection is gone through. When all the humorous journals have been given a chance, my mutilated broadsheet is sent the rounds of the trade papers; and these publications having depapers; and these publications having depapers; and these publications having depapers; and these publications in forward what is left to England, where I find a ready market for the remnant.

"The system is an excellent one, obviating the use of scissors. Latterly I have

"The system is an excellent one, obviating the use of scissors. Latterly I have been covering the backs of my joke brondsheet with mucliage, agreeably flavored, so that the busy comic editor does not have to bother about his paste pot, either.
"I have been thinking about incorporating my joke industry, and I really do not see why a great wit and humor paragraph trust should not be one of the events of the future."

"Gen." J. S. Coxey is preparing to attack the south on a lecture tour, but does not appear to be receiving much encouragement from that direction. "The other day," said a southern man to a Star reporter, "a citizen of my home town received a letter from the Massillon man intimating a desire to lecture there, and asking how everything would go. If Coxey gets the same kind of a letter from every other town he did from there he will not tackle the south on a lecturing tour. This is what my friend wrote him:

'You will pardon me if I make a few suggestions to you about your southern tour. In the first place, don't come. As a private citizen you would be welcome, but as an agitator you would be throwing away your breath. We do not need you. It is true we are poor, and with cotton at 5 cents the future looks black, but in no section of these United States is the spirit section of these United States is the spirit of American institutions or the love of old-time liberty so strong as in the south. Besides, general, there is a faint suspicion that Mark Hanna has one of the ingers of his fine Italian hand somewhere on your head, and we neither love him nor his help

ers. "Without seeming to dictate, gest that you go up into New England. You doubtless could help the mill men in-crease their shrunken dividends and reduce

working time to five hours a day.

"It is a source of no bitter regret that I cannot encourage your coming to this section. The south is somewhat peculiar. There are other great men whom she has been slow to accord the high honor which other sections of the Union has early insisted on giving. But the tramp is an alien and stranger in the southland, and though he may occasionally inspect our railroad ties, he never meets the warm welcome here, or feels the exhilaration that comes to him in the middle and New England states states.

'Now, my dear general, if you will com-"Now, my dear general, if you will come after this, do delay your trip until next spring. We have never thought they treated you fair in making you keep off the grass in Washington. As much as we fail to appreciate you, we will not keep you off the grass here. Our mayor is entirely in accord with you in your view as to making accord with you in your view as to making the bums work the streets, and they are pretty grassy in the spring. I am sure he "That the reason the kennels are all empy and they haven't got any horses around low?" inquired the Hound.
"That's it," was the reply: "I heard ome of the stable fellows trying to explain t, and one of 'em that talked the best

NUTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Demand Promises to Be Greater Than Ever This Year.

"The demand for nuts promises to be greater this year than ever before," said a wholesale dealer in such produce in New York to a writer for The Star. "Sales are at present very large, and heavy shipments less you can grow long hair and make 'em of from 10,000 to 15,000 bags or cases of nuts from all parts of the world are arriving in this city nearly every day. Nowadays nuts constitute just as prominent a part in the Christmas festivities in America as they do in Scotland on Halloween. The most important item in the nut busi-ness is the walnut, and many claim they are the sweetest nut grown. these nuts came almost entirely from Bo deaux, but the French nut is now apt to be a very poor article. When opened the kernel is likely to be found shrunken in the shell, and the meat is dry and of an inferior quality. The finest walnuts come from Naples. They are the cleanest, and the kernels are full fresh and of a fine the kernels are full, fresh and of a fine flavor. New York imports from 12,000 to 15,000 bags of the French nuts and from 10,000 to 12,000 cases of the Italian product

annually.
"The California walnuts, particularly district rank "The California walnuts, particularly those from the Los Nietas district, rank next. They are reliable, and have of the flavor of those imported Naples. They are brought to New York in sacks by the carload and are sold to dealers who display them in stores or on stands in every city of the Union. "The Brazil nut, which greatly resem-bles the meat of the cocoanut, but is very

much finer, is one of the most popular and best selling auts in the market. All of these nuts come from Rio Janeiro. The number consumed in this country yearly is about 30,000 sacks.
"Years ago the Christmas dessert was

composed chiefly of almonds, raisins, figs and filberts, which the French called the 'farm beggars,' because no adult would touch them.

"To young Americans, however, and raisins are dear as ever and probably

to young French people also.
"The great rival of California is Spain, and the almonds of Tarragora are imported to New York in vast quantities. The common shelled almonds come direct from Italy and through London from the Valley of the Jordan. The exporters in Palestine, however, have not acquired the art which the Californians have picked up from the Spaniards of making their beautiful with gaudily colored lithographs. and their boxes are merely plain, substantial receptacles—nothing more.
"The hazel nuts of which every boy and

girl is so fond, are grown largely through-out the United States. Notwithstanding the fact most of these nuts we eat are imported from Barcelona and England. ing the past year 100,000 bushels were imported from the former place.

"Nearly all the dried figs that are put up in small boxes and displayed every-where for sale in the United States and Great Britain are exported from Turkey and Samaria. Fresh ripened figs are now being sent to this country. They are put up in tins and their sale will be very large during the winter."

Old Annuals.

From Lippincott's. In nooks and corners of libraries on now and then comes across a small ornate Early Victorian or Pre-Victorian vollume bearing in gilt letters some such title as "Friendship's Offering,"

Gem," "The Forget-Me-Not," or "The Book of Beauty." As a rule, one is not tempted to "linger 'mid its pages," as the Annual itself would say; and yet a glance at its contents suggests reflections which are not without interest. For in ephemeral production like these one sees most-clearly the popular tastes and ideals of a given time. Even Jane Austen, the "divine Jane" herself, does not throw as much in the Lady's Books and Garlands of Beauty who ministered to the passing fan-cies of the fair reader and shaped their conceptions of female perfection to suit the fashion of the hour.

The exquisitely finished copperplates show white-robed weeping maidens cling-ing to stalwart lovers who are imprinting ing to stalwart lovers who are imprinting kisses on their gentle brows; devoted wives half swooning in farewells upon their husbands' manly breasts; maidens in tears upon the bosoms of their mothers or the kies of their fathers, or sitting beside open vine-clad windows and gazing mournfully at various objects of melancholy interest which they hold in their hands; ladies with immense eves raised to the moon. dies with immense eyes raised to the moon or with lids lowered, and heavy curis drooping over one infinitesimal hand, which supports the pensive head. Widows, orphans, the deserted, the broken-hearted phans, the deserted, the broken-hearted, abound, with abnormally large eyes and abnormally small mouths, and with a wealth of curls falling about their ivory necks or veiling the transports of their

In Sparta.



Keeper of the palace—'Here is an order for the destruction of the statues of the king's parents. Lieutenant—'Impossible.

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

Written for The Evening Star. A Color Scheme.

Who is it says that Santa Claus was but a pagan myth? Away with all your manuscripts and books:

four "ologies" and "isms" that you puzzle people with, Your lengthy sentences and solemn looks.

Science oft has been misled, And there's evidence in sight That old "Santy" is a patriot stanch and

For the holly berry's red, And the misletoe is white. And the fir tree in the forest glimmers

blue! In a land of peace and plenty at a time of hope and cheer.

Shall such ungenerous moods the gladness mar? Shall we relegate the old saint to an alien

atmosphere When his colors are so plainly flung afar? Let us cherish him instead. For the way he read aright

Our feelings centuries before we knew; For his holly berry red, For the misletoe so white,

And his fir tree in the forest glimmering blue.

Another Archaeologist.

If young Mr. Boggs had ever appreciated himself to the degree that he appreciates his youngest son, he would be one of the most colossal egotists of the era. But he has sunk his identity in that of the boy to



an extent that makes his a case of com-plete self-effacement. "Smart?" he exclaimed the other day. "He's a prod-'Aren't you afraid he'll get over it?" in-

quired the friend, who sometimes feels that he would rather listen to Boggs than work "What do you mean?"

"Why, you know, prodigies have a way of outgrowing their prodigiousness and turning out to be just like ordinary people." "This boy won't do that. He has to much of a start on the rest of mankind. They can't possibly catch up to him. Why, the other day he climbed up on a chair to a table, where there were pen and ink, and the first thing I knew, he was writing."

"How old did you say he is?" "About two and a haif years." "I suppose," remarked the friend, in a tone of sarcasm, "that ne proceeded to turn out comments on Herbert Spencer's writ-

ing, in Addisonian English?" "English!" echo : I the father, on whom the irony was totally lost. "He has gotten clear past that." "Oh, I suppose he stands up and talks

Sanskrit." "No. He doesn't talk Sanskrit. But I'll , tell you something that I keep from most | ter steal de stockin's." people, because they would think I was trying to deceive. I've got the paper he was working with, and the back of the diction-

ary to prove that he can write it."

A Puzzled Conscience. "Cap," said Broncho Bob, addressing a man who was a comparative stranger in Crimson Gulch, did you ever study medi-

cine?" "Yes. But I never practiced."

"I den't want anything practical. It's too late fur that. All I want is a little theory.

I heard a feller that used to be on a railroad talkin' and he's got me guessin'. What
I want to know is whether there is any

I want to know is whether there is any I want to know is whether there is any of a story. disease that makes a man think that one color is another and vicy-reversy."

"Oh, yes. Color blindness is by no means an uncommon malady. It occurs so irequently that the railway companies have to hold examinations every now and then so as to make sure that their men are able to distinguish signals." "Don't the railroads never have no sus-

"Of what?" "Of the men's tryin' to work off a bluff, "No. It is very much to the men's dis-advantage to be afflicted with color blind-ness. They try to conceal it."
"Well, then," was the rejeinder, after a long silence, "under the circumstances, an'

all things considered, I shouldn't be prised of we'd been an' gone an' done it."
"Who?" "Me an' the seventeen other members of

the jury."
"Why, there are usually only twelve or a jury."
"That's what Three-Finger Sam said But we happened to have eighteen men handy an' we didn't wanter act skimpy an' give anybody room to say that mebbe Greaser Joe didn't git the full benefit of

"What was the charge against him?"
"Gineral onreliability. When he called a
hand, he had a way o' droppin' the poker
chips kind o' careless into the middle of the pile so's nobody'd be likely to notice 'em close. Of course of we'd have known about this color-blindness, we might have waited an investigated. But he got into such a habit of mistakin' white chips fur blue ones that we concluded we'd better take the case in hand. An' I dunno's nakes such a terrible lot of difference, 'cause he couldn't of gone on playin' poker with an affliction like that, an' ef he couldn't play poker I don't believe he'd

Trifles.

have cared much about livin', anyhow.

Only jes' a little minute O' de sun in skies so gray, Yet dar's heaps o' comfort in it, Dat'll las' froo-out de day. 'Twasn' much to talk about But it's hahd to do wivout.

Only jes' a little singin', 'Stid o' givin' way to tears, Seems ter set de world a-swingin' Easier foh de folks dat hears. May not soun' like what it should. But it do a sight o' good.

Only jes' a word may often Soothe a friend when sorrows smahl Only jes' a look may soften Into pity some hahd h'aht. Years seems mighty as dev go: It's de moments makes 'em so.

Lots o' folks hav flew de track; Dat dis earf an' its conditions Isn't measured up exack. Dat de mos' importantes' Thing in life is "only jes'."

It was a primitive court of justice. The bench had been considerably annoyed by the familiar manner and irrelevant remarks of the witness and concluded to make an example of him. A pretext soon presented itself and the judge exclaimed:

Congratulating Himself.

"This has gone far enough, sir, I am going to fine you. "But, jedge, I ain't the feller that's on

"I have the right to fine you, and I am going to do it."

"What fur?" "For contempt of court." "On account of somethin' I said?"

I'd a-gone clean broke."

"Certainly. "All right, jedge. How much'll it be?"

"Ten dollars." The witness reached into his pocket and slowly produced some money. "I'm sorry to part with it." he said, counting it over, "though I've got enough left, I'm thankful to say, for all necessities. But I tell you what, jedge, ef you'd a-been a mind reade

Unshaken Esteem.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, who had been very slow about going to sleep, "does yer reckon it ud do any hahm foh me ter hang up my stockin's dis here Christmas?" "Ain' you got dat foolishness out'n yoh haid vit?"

"Well, ye knows whut dey says; ef at fust you don't succeed, keep on a-shootin' an' mebbe yoh number'll come nex'." The patient philosophy of the youngster

seemed to soften the mood of his mother. Her tone was more gentle as she said: "I done thought sho you'd be 'scouraged bout whut happen las' Chris'mas"

"No. I reckons I gwineter take another

"You see," she resumed, apologetically "las' Chris'mas wah a vehy busy time wif



Ol' Sant. An' times wah pow'ful hahd.'

"Does yer s'pose he noticed de hahd times?" "Cohse. Eb'rybody in dis neighborhood done notice de hahd times."
"Does he b'long ter dis neighborhood?"

"I reckons yer mout say he did. Don't you go layin' up no hahd feelin's 'bout de way he didn' leave yer no gif's las' y'ah. I specks mebbe 'twa'n't altergevvuh his fault." "Dat's whut I 'sposed. My min' tol' me dat I mus'n't go back on 'im, an' I's much 'bliged ter 'im jes' de same.'

"I doesn't see dat dah's any 'casion foh much-obligeness. He didn' leave yer nuf-"No. But ef Santy Claus b'long ter dis

Never Noticed the Change.

The remark that a famous general made open being asked how he liked Texasthat if he owned Texas and hell he would rent out Texas and live in hell-is familiar to many, but in the matter of nicety of a point the reply of an inkeeper near Dallas, Texas, to about the same question, deserves even more attention than the famous utterance referred to. This inkeeper had moved several times from state to state and had finally located in Texas, where he

"There was once a man who moved from Kentucky to Nebraska, from Nebraska to Arizona, from Arizona to Texas, and then he died and went to hell, but the change was so gradual he never noticed it."

What He Would Do.

From the Chicago Post. There had been some harsh words from each on the faults of the opposite sex, and she finally gave what she thought would be a parting shot.

"You rail at us," she said, "and make fun of us, but what, I ask you, would you do without women? "Get rich," he replied promptly, and she was so indignant that it took her three weeks to make up her mind to ask for a new bonnet.



